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# *Sixty Years with a Camera*



*by*

*Hugh M. Morton*

*Together with Tributes to Hugh Morton by Edward L. Rankin, Jr.,  
William C. Friday, and Charles Kuralt on the Occasion of His  
Acceptance of the North Caroliniana Society Award for 1996*



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## Preface

At a reception and banquet in the Carolina Inn on 7 June 1996, Hugh MacRae Morton accepted the 1996 North Caroliniana Society Award for contributions to and preservation of North Carolina's history, culture, and resources. Nearly three hundred friends and admirers joined the Morton family to congratulate him and to express their gratitude for his lifetime of service to North Carolina.

Again demonstrating his generosity in sharing his fascination with his native state, its history, culture, and resources, Morton visually surveyed his more than sixty years in photography at a public slide presentation in the afternoon in Carroll Hall. From his tens of thousands of images recorded since he snapped his first picture at age 13, he selected just 80 (75 of which are published in the following pages).

The Society is acutely aware that Hugh Morton's marvelous photographs will not be done justice when they are reduced to black-and-white postage-stamp sizes required in this publication. However, to the extent possible the photographer's original cropping has been preserved (thus accounting for the varying sizes and shapes of the reproductions), for the artistry of a photograph often is determined by what it shows (and from what angle) as much as in its technical quality.

Much greater justice is done to 400 of Hugh Morton's pictures in his and Edward L. Rankin, Jr.'s mammoth volume, *Making a Difference in North Carolina* (Raleigh: Lightworks, 1988). The real justice, however, can be seen only in his mammoth photographic archives—a genuine image treasury of North Carolina people, places, and events for the past six decades—which he plans to have preserved by the North Carolina Collection. Eventually, that is, because Hugh Morton at 75 is not thinking of retiring. As Charles Kuralt says in his tribute on page 41, ". . . if there are any signs that Hugh Morton is slowing down, his friends have not noticed . . . he just goes on and on. There are ideas that he hasn't thought of yet. But he will think of them. We will all know when he does. He will send us photographs."

The North Caroliniana Society is pleased that Hugh Morton shared some of his visual memory with its members and guests, and the Society is happy to issue this little publication so that others may be reminded of a career dedicated to the promotion of interest in and the preservation of twentieth-century North Carolina.

# *PART I*



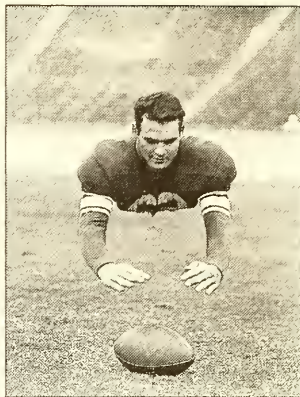
## *Sixty Years with a Camera*

*by*

*Hugh M. Morton*



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# *Sixty Years with a Camera*

*Hugh M. Morton*

Back in 1988, Ed Rankin and I published a book called *Making a Difference in North Carolina*, and we had a terrible time boiling down thousands of pictures to just 400. Now, for this presentation, I am boiled down to only 75. It has been brutal, and I may have guessed wrong on some of the pictures that I have selected. My wife Julia wanted me to stick more to scenic and wildlife pictures, and Dr. Jones preferred people, particularly those with a special connection to Chapel Hill. Since Dr. Jones invited me to this party, he won.

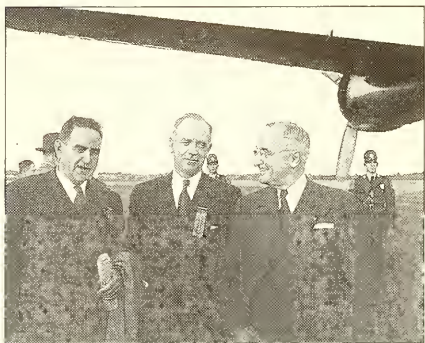
The first picture that I took on assignment for a newspaper (the *Charlotte News*) was of Harvie Ward when he won the 1941 Linville Men's Golf Tournament (1). This was a very competitive event, and it was a surprise to everybody that a 15-year-old kid from Tarboro could win it. The newspaperman who gave me that assignment was Burke Davis, now a well-known historian.

Later Burke took me on the football roundup to Duke, Carolina, State, and Wake Forest, and at Duke I caught Jimmy Knotts in a picture that reminds me of the blues song, "I ain't got nobody, nobody cares for me" (2). Well, somebody did care for Jimmy, for he and his two brothers were real stars at Duke.

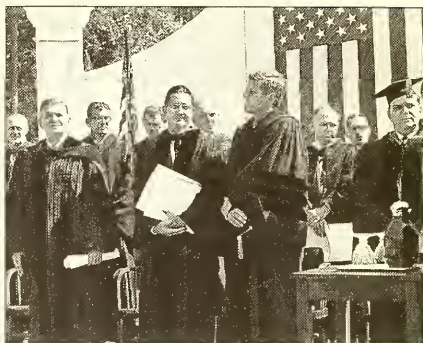
I loved to take pictures of bands. Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra played in the Tin Can in 1941 (3). On the right are Jo Stafford and Frank Sinatra, and in the left background is Buddy Rich on the drums. My enthusiasm for orchestras was probably one of the main reasons that I aspired to be a better photographer, and the experience I had taking orchestra pictures under difficult circumstances was great training.

Benny Goodman was a perfectionist, and I had great admiration for him (4). He had the best of swing bands.





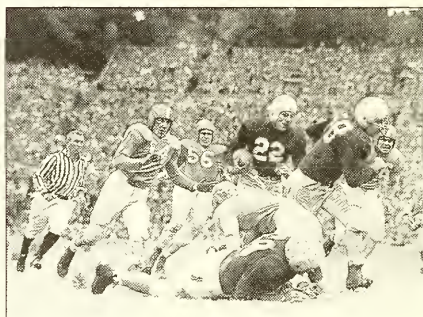
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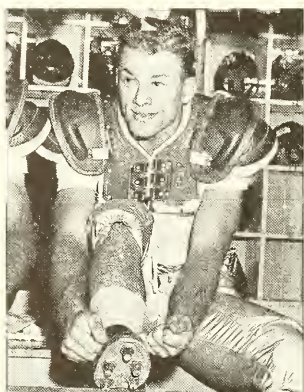
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My first published picture taken in Chapel Hill was of Dr. Frank Graham pitching horseshoes (5). He invited me over to his home one Sunday afternoon in 1939, and when he saw how uneasy this freshman was in the presence of the university president, he challenged me to a game of horseshoes.

It is fashionable to say one had a conversation with Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, and I did, when I was introduced to her by President Frank Graham and my schoolmate Louis Harris, now a famous pollster (6).

The next university president with whom I became acquainted was Gordon Gray, shown here in center, with President Harry Truman on the right and Governor Kerr Scott on the left (7). The picture was taken at the Smith Reynolds Airport in Winston-Salem on the occasion of the ground-breaking for the Forsyth County site of Wake Forest University.

A third university president that I knew was Bill Friday (8). It is amazing how young he looked when President John Kennedy brought more excitement to Kenan Stadium than there had been since a Charlie Justice football game. That was before Bill's battles with HEW, the speaker ban, expansion of the university, and other challenges that aged him only slightly. Also in that picture with Bill Friday are Terry Sanford, John Caldwell, Carlyle Sitterson, Bill Aycock, and others.

And I know the present head, the only university president who freely admits to bribery and stealing. In 1948, C. D. Spangler, then a student at Woodberry Forest, paid a UNC cheerleader ten dollars to pick up Charlie Justice's Jersey that had been discarded after being ripped during the game with Virginia (9). He now has a keepsake that is absolutely priceless.

Charlie was the most exciting football player that I have ever photographed. We show a picture of Charlie Justice making a good run against Tennessee in Kenan Stadium (10), and one in shoulder pads in the locker room (11). I am delighted that we have movies of Charlie, because it is amazing to see 22 people on the field, and suddenly one of them weaves his way through all the others to the goal line.

Duke's Wallace Wade is on the left, Carolina's Carl Snively on the right (12). During Charlie Justice's four years at Chapel Hill, Wade didn't win a single game against Carolina.

The most exciting basketball player in the 1940s was George Glamack, the Blind Bomber. He could not see the basket—this was before contact lenses and the goggles that they have now—but he could see from the markings on the floor where the basket was supposed to be, and he had a hook shot that usually went in (13). He held the Southern Conference record for scoring.

We had a UNC baseball coach named Bunn Hearn, a good old boy





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to end all good old boys, who modestly assigned himself Number 1 (14). He had a wild pitcher, and during one game the coach went out to the mound and said, "Bill, I know you are going to settle down and strike out the next three batters. But, Bill, do me a favor and let me get all the way back to the dugout before you throw the next pitch."

The Reverend Horace (Bones) McKinney was the MVP of the Southern Conference basketball tournament in the old Raleigh Municipal Auditorium in 1942 (15). Later he played for UNC and coached at Wake Forest.

While I was a student at Chapel Hill, the *Carolina Magazine* sent me to Asheville to interview Julia Wolfe, the mother of novelist Thomas Wolfe, at the Old Kentucky Home (16). You remember that Tom wasn't very kind to his mother in his book, *Look Homeward, Angel*, and for a while she wasn't sure that I was going to be kind to her. But after I'd been there for a day, she warmed up, became very friendly, and took me out to the cemetery to see his grave.

Bill Dudley was Virginia's greatest football player, corresponding to our "Choo Choo" Charlie. In Kenan Stadium on Thanksgiving Day, 1941, he put on his greatest performance, including an 87-yard touchdown run. Burke Davis titled the photo in the *Charlotte News*, "I'm coming, Virginia," the title of a swing era song (17).

Two weeks later came Pearl Harbor, and the United States was at war. I didn't go into the army immediately, but I went in fairly soon as a combat newsreel photographer. This picture was taken at Guadalcanal during a practice landing in preparation for the American invasion of Luzon (18).

Being a U.S. Army movie photographer, I did not bring back many still pictures. This young sergeant, Hank Suzuki from Chicago, was our interpreter, and every time we had Japanese documents or prisoners, he did the interpreting (19). But he was a real security problem, and he had to be surrounded by security 24 hours a day for fear that our own people might think he was the enemy. He was one of our most valuable assets.

Three of the happiest days of my life came when I was assigned to follow Bob Hope, Jerry Colonna, and Frances Langford to shows that they were putting on for the troops (20). This was on the island of New Caledonia. I rode in the same car with Bob and Jerry for three days, during which they were cracking jokes and practicing their lines. It was a fun time. Bob is a good friend, and Julia and I still get Christmas cards from him. He has visited Grandfather Country Club twice.

General Douglas MacArthur was really a great one. I had nothing but admiration for him. This picture was made of him on the front line on Luzon. Everybody else wore steel helmets. He stood there in his



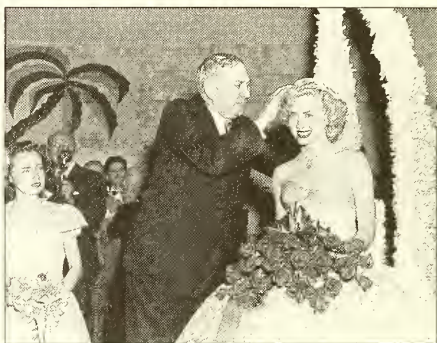
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suntans and scrambled eggs hat (21). Mortar shells were whistling by, and the other men were cringing on the ground while MacArthur was standing there as straight as an arrow. He set a wonderful example for his troops. I made movies of the same event.

Back in Wilmington after the war, I left town for a week, and while I was gone the local folks elected me chairman of the first Azalea Festival in 1948. Governor Cherry came down to crown our first azalea queen, Jacqueline White of RKO Radio Pictures. He had been in the National Guard with a group of Wilmingtonians, with whom he felt he always had to have a drink. When time for the coronation arrived, the governor put the crown on the queen upside down (22).

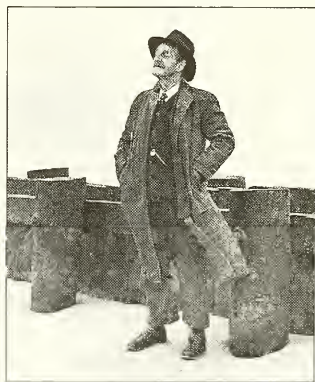
General George C. Marshall was our guest of honor at the second festival, and my wife Julia is sitting beside him at one of our dinners (23).

Arthur Smith is one of my dear friends, and for thirty consecutive years he was the singing master for the "Singing on the Mountain" at Grandfather (24). He of course wrote the Number 1 banjo song in the world, "Duelling Banjos," and the Number 1 guitar piece, "Guitar Boogie." He is also a very religious man, and he plugged the daylights out of the "Singing" and brought big crowds. Mr. Joe Hartley, the founder and chairman of the annual event, thought that his own homemade sign out on the highway attracted the people (25). He never did understand that Arthur Smith's promotion of the program on television was the reason for the huge crowds.

I took Mr. Hartley to Wilmington to see Hugh MacRae a couple of years before my grandfather died. It was the first time this old mountain man had seen the ocean. It was quite an experience. At Wrightsville Beach he picked up a seashell, dipped up some water and tasted it, and said, "It is salty" (26).



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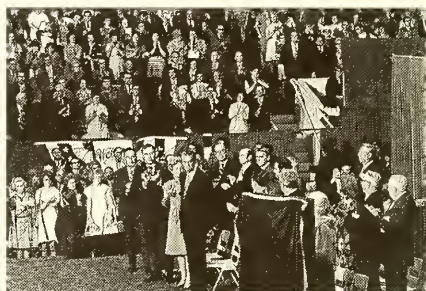
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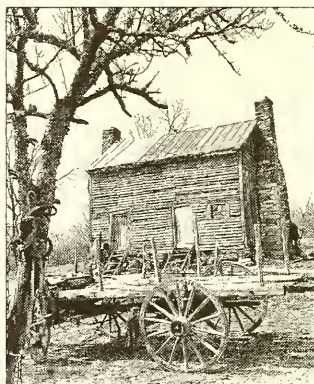
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Johnny Cash was one of the stars that Arthur Smith brought to the "Singing on the Mountain." Johnny and I were walking across the swinging bridge when he noticed that the flag atop our building was a little torn. He asked what we did with our old flags. I said that we had a closet full of them. He asked if he could have the one that was torn the most, explaining that he recited a song called "That Ragged Old Flag," and he wanted to wrap himself in our Grandfather Mountain flag. So we gave him the worst one we had (27).

Billy Graham came to the "Singing on the Mountain" and drew the largest crowd ever assembled in the mountains (28). U.S. 221 was blocked with traffic from Marion to Blowing Rock, a distance of 55 miles. Billy is turning over his ministry to his son Franklin, and some people have expressed wonderment about that (29). Franklin is known for airplanes, riding a motorcycle, and being a gun enthusiast. I told some of the doubters that I think Franklin, better than Billy, may be able to reach some of the people that really need reaching the most.

I took a picture at Billy Graham Day in Charlotte, and it is amazing how many famous people appear in it (30). Among them are Pat and Richard Nixon, Sam Ervin, Everett Jordan, Bob Scott, Strom Thurmond, Charlie Jonas, John Connally, George Beverly Shea, Cliff Barrows, and Charles H. Crutchfield.

I don't know if our country has been saved, but if it has, Senator Sam Ervin had something to do with it (31). I think that Senator Ervin was one of our great leaders. Certainly he was a good friend of mine.

Governor Hodges made me his state campaign publicity manager when he ran for reelection. I went north of Leaksville to get this picture of his birthplace (32). Mrs. Hodges, who did not take to this at all, finally said, "Well, at least you can say that it was new when Luther lived in it." Abraham Lincoln did not have a more humble beginning than Luther Hodges. For him to accomplish as much as he did is remarkable.

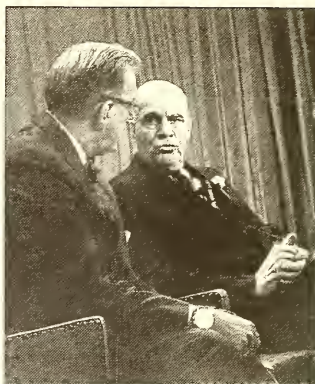
This photo I took when Hodges, as chairman of the Southern Governors Conference, met with President Eisenhower during the integration crisis (33). Governor Faubus was causing trouble in Arkansas. Other southern governors were embarrassed, and trying to calm the controversy. The president, who didn't want to do it, eventually had to send troops to Little Rock, and Governor Hodges did all he could to reduce the crisis.

A few weeks later Ed Rankin and I were in New York when Governor Hodges appeared on the NBC "Today" show (34). He was interviewed by Dave Garroway. Assuming that a governor from the South was a racist, Garroway launched into a tirade before Hodges had a chance to speak. When Hodges was finally given the chance, the governor said,





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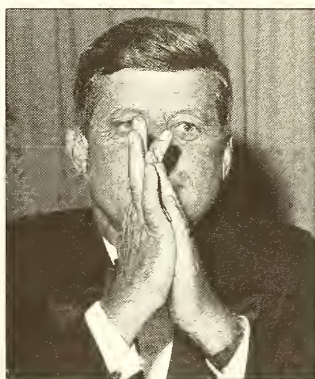
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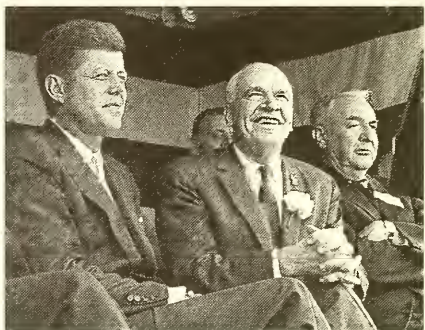
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"You know, Mr. Garroway, I have always believed that the solution to these problems is better understanding between the races, and in everything I do I try to bring about better understanding between the races. Mr. Garroway, what have you done to bring about better understanding between the races?" Garroway stuttered, stammered, and turned red, and NBC cut away for a commercial.

Another great day for Governor Hodges and for North Carolina was when Carolina played Maryland at College Park in the presence of Queen Elizabeth. The governor presented her with a small sterling statue of Sir Walter Raleigh (35).

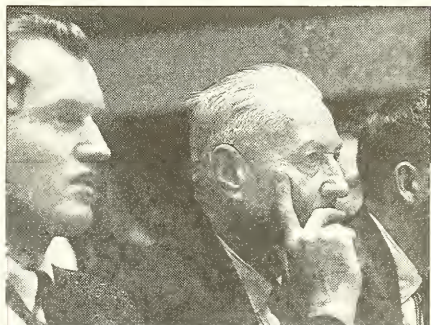
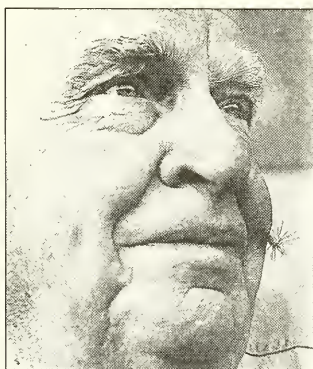
I like this picture of then Senator Kennedy and Jacqueline, yet I don't like Jackie's eyes being half-closed (36). I really like the picture better when it is cropped to show only the senator (37). You can see enough of Kennedy's face to know who he is, and I think it is an interesting picture.

Governor Hodges and Senator Ervin campaigned for Kennedy at the Greensboro airport in the fall of 1960 (38).

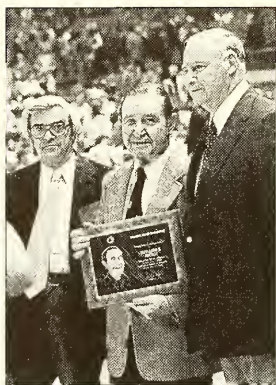
I guess this is my favorite picture of Governor Hodges (39). I had a knock on my door at the lake where we live. Governor Hodges, who lived across the lake, stood there and asked me, "Hugh, how about cutting this fishing fly out of my cheek?" I said, "Governor, I am not about to cut out the fly, but I will take you to the hospital and let the doctor cut it out." So we went to the hospital, and while waiting for the doctor to arrive, I took this picture so the governor could show it to his children.

Coach Everett Case of N.C. State brought big time basketball to North Carolina, shown here with one of his former players and assistants, Vic Bubas, who later became coach at Duke (40).

The man who really put the ACC on the map was C. D. Chesley, who was being honored here by Commissioner of the ACC Bob James and ACC drum beater Marvin Francis (41).







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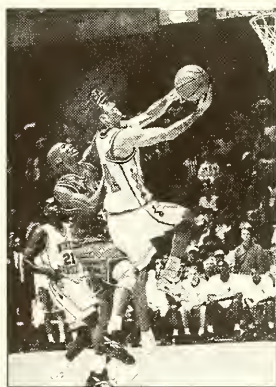
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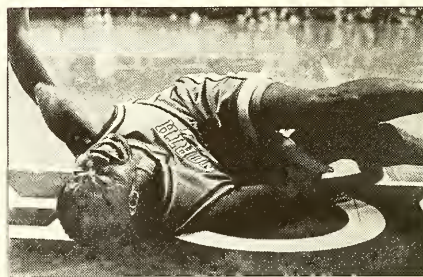
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My favorite Dean Smith picture is this one made right after UNC won the national championship in 1982 in New Orleans (42). Except for that net around James Worthy's neck, you wouldn't know that Carolina had won. Everybody was wrung out and fatigued.

My favorite picture of Michael Jordan was made in Carmichael Auditorium when he played against Virginia (43). He has certainly made Carolina proud of him, both while at Carolina and afterward.

Hargrove (Skipper) Bowles raised more than thirty million dollars to build the Dean Smith Center (44). This picture I made of him in Philadelphia as he was watching Carolina play Indiana for the 1981 NCAA championship, which we did not win.

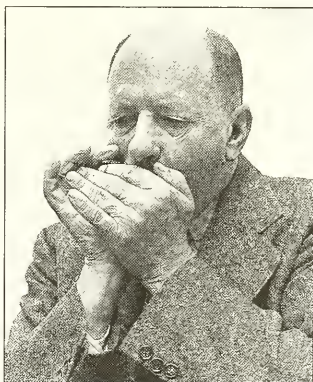
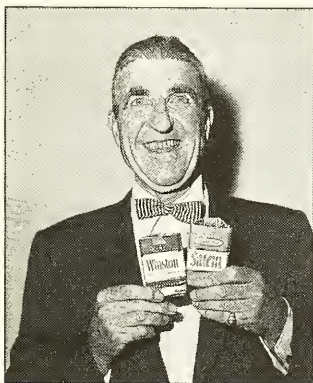
A recent picture shows a fellow from Texas clobbering Dante Calabria (45). Dante went over to him after the incident and said, "If you want to knock me out of this game, you're going to have to hit me harder than that." I felt sorry for Dante, but he certainly had the right attitude.

One of the most terrifying things that I have seen lately was at the 1995 ACC Tournament when Rasheed Wallace was injured right near the end of the game. I was about ten feet away when that happened. He was writhing in pain and obviously scared that he might be hurt worse than he actually was (46). I am told the incident influenced him to turn pro.

Mr. Bob Hanes was one of my good friends on the State Board of Conservation and Development, and he was very proud that his home town of Winston-Salem was honored by names of cigarettes (47).

Of course, we all remember Chancellor Bob House, who, when invited to speak, would say, "Well, I've brought my notes." Then he would pull out his harmonica and start playing "Oh Susannah" (48).

One of our native sons, Andy Griffith, played Sir Walter Raleigh in the *Lost Colony* for six years before going on to greater fame on Broadway





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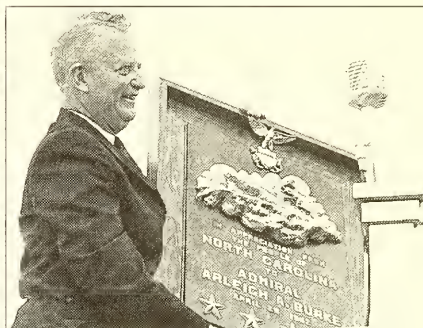
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and in Hollywood (49).

Tom Davis started Piedmont Airlines, and Bill McGee worked with him (50). I was in a meeting not long ago where I was introduced by Tom, and I asked for a show of hands of those who wished that Piedmont Airlines was still flying. Every hand went up.

I am really glad that I got two of our greatest UNC benefactors in the same picture—Frank Kenan on the left and Watts Hill (51).

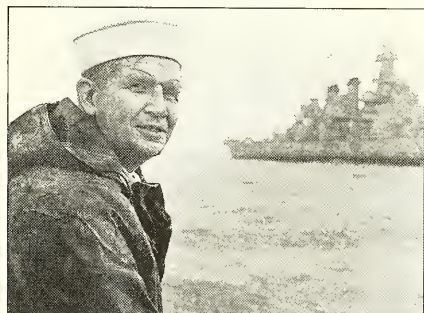
This is Hurricane Hazel in 1954, which I thought was going to be the greatest hurricane of all time until Hugo hit a few years ago. Hazel was a very stormy thing, and when it came ashore at Carolina Beach, Julian Scheer and I were covering it for the *Charlotte News*. I asked Julian to walk through my picture, and this photo won first prize for spot news in the press photographers' contest (52).

During the civil rights disturbances, there were looting and fires at Wilmington. The Harlem Globe Trotters' star, Meadowlark Lemon, a native of Wilmington, put on an exhibition in every school in New Hanover County (53). In no time, he had things calmed down. He is a real hero in his old home town.

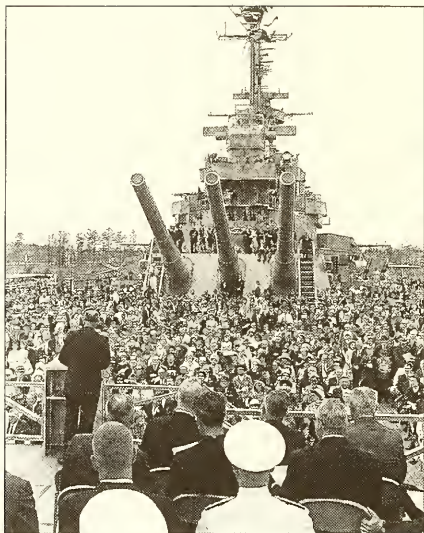
Another real hero is Admiral Arleigh Burke, chief of Naval operations at the time North Carolina was working to get the USS *North Carolina* (54). He did things to help us that he might have been court-martialed for under normal circumstances. He wanted us to save one of our nation's great ships.

When the battleship arrived off Southport in the rain, Governor Sanford borrowed a Coast Guard cap and jacket (55). A Coast Guard officer came along and said, "Sailor, get out of here, the governor is expected aboard at any minute."

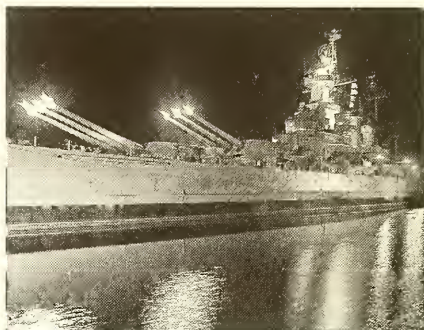
The berthing of the USS *North Carolina* at Wilmington was one of the most tense moments in my lifetime (56). If it did not work we knew



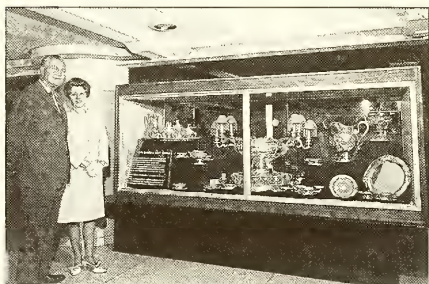




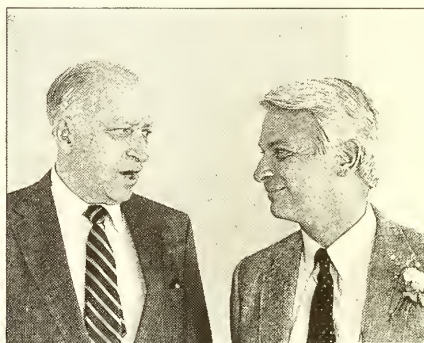
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we had a mighty big ship that would make a formidable dam on the Cape Fear River.

Admiral Arleigh Burke was the main speaker the day when we honored the admirals of the North Carolina Navy, the people who had contributed so generously to the battleship fund. We covered the whole deck with 2,400 "admirals" (57).

We produced a sound-and-light show, "The Immortal Showboat," featuring the recorded voices of Adolf Hitler, Winston Churchill, Franklin Roosevelt, and other leaders of World War II, along with a history of the *North Carolina* accompanied by sound effects of the ship in battle with blazing 16-inch guns (58). It was an extremely patriotic production.

The day he took office, Governor and Mrs. Dan Moore gave back to the battleship its silver service that had been kept in a small cabinet in the Governor's Mansion after the ship was decommissioned (59). The folks at the Smithsonian made a fine case for it, and the silver has been seen by millions of visitors to the ship in its present home on Cape Fear River.

Orville Campbell was one of my best friends, and he is shown here with Rolfe Neill, whom he inducted into the North Carolina Journalism Hall of Fame (60).

Ted Williams, the all-time great baseball player, became friends with Orville Campbell at the Navy Pre-Flight School in Chapel Hill in World War II. Ted is also a great fisherman, and when he fished for trout on Grandfather Mountain Lake, I learned that Ted knows fishing so well that he actually thinks like a fish (61).

Bill Snider and others say that one of my great accomplishments was persuading Senator Jesse Helms and Governor Jim Hunt to work together as co-chairmen of the Save Cape Hatteras Lighthouse Committee, but it really wasn't hard (62). Both are patriotic North Carolinians. They knew that the Cape Hatteras Lighthouse would be lost unless we did something quickly to save it. There was neither state nor federal money available, so we needed to raise private money. With them working together, we raised \$500,000, and had we not done what we did with synthetic seaweed, sandbags, and sand fences, the lighthouse would not be standing today.

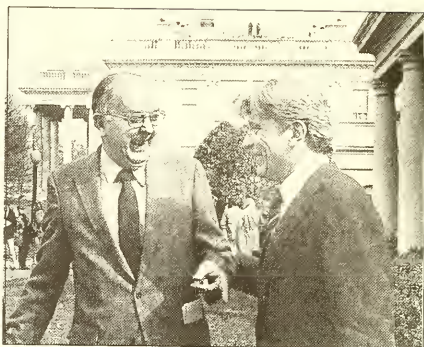
Cape Hatteras Lighthouse is 210 feet high, the tallest brick lighthouse in the world, and it is more than 130 years old (63). The idea of moving a structure that tall and that old is totally ridiculous.

Ed Rankin and Jesse Helms were roommates when they got out of school and worked for newspapers in Raleigh. So when Ed and I authored the book, *Making a Difference in North Carolina*, the senator spread the red carpet for us in Washington. He took me to the White House, and he introduced me to the Republican senators, including John Warner of Virginia, who was, I believe, Elizabeth Taylor's sixth husband (64). I tried

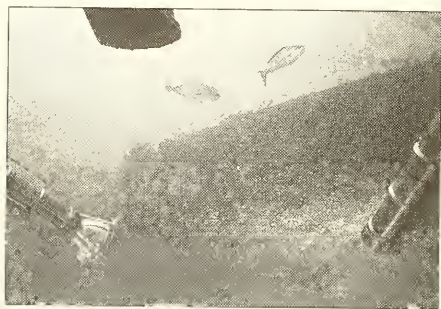




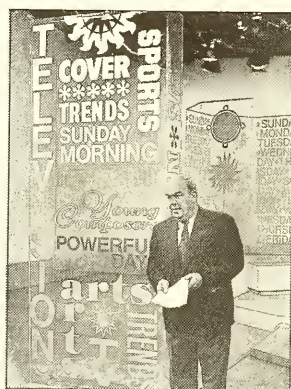
63



64



65



66



67



68

unsuccessfully to get Ed to agree to a caption for the picture in which Helms was asking Warner, "Was it Will Rogers or Elizabeth Taylor who said, 'I never met a man I did not like?'"

Governor Hunt appointed me to the commission to determine the feasibility of raising the USS *Monitor*. We went down in a tiny submarine 220 feet below the surface of the ocean off Cape Hatteras and looked at the wreck. I could see that there was no way to save the *Monitor*. It seemed that every submarine chaser in the Atlantic had dropped depth charges on the wreck in World War II. There were few pieces larger than this rostrum, and those were covered by rust and barnacles (65). It was a thrill for me to actually see the historic *Monitor*.

Charles Kuralt is probably the most loved and respected television news personality in the country. I am proud to call him my friend and I am pleased that he is to be a part of the program tonight. This photograph was taken on the set of *Sunday Morning*, which he so successfully hosted for years (66). I am glad that he is in the audience for these slides. Thank you, Charles.

You knew that I had to include a picture of Mildred the Bear (67). She was the greatest bear that ever lived insofar as I am concerned. Before she died three years ago, her only problem was that she did not know she was a bear. She thought she was a person.

Newt Gingrich came to see us last Labor Day weekend, and we did not know he was coming. We have another bear, Gerry, almost as nice as Mildred, and I think you will notice the claw on his arm (68). He was feeding her sliced apples, but he wasn't doing it quite fast enough. So she put that paw up there to draw the arm to her more quickly. It got Speaker Gingrich's attention.

Elizabeth Dole is a great lady, and we are proud she is a North Carolinian. She was the speaker, as U. S. Secretary of Transportation, at the opening of the completed Blue Ridge Parkway on September 11, 1987. She at that time congratulated Eugene Figg, the engineer who designed the Parkway Viaduct that has won twelve national awards for its beauty and design (69).

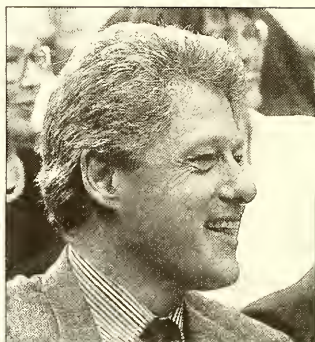
To be non-partisan we must include this photo taken at the Carolina versus Kentucky basketball four years ago (70). Bill Goldston, who is here tonight, had as his guest at the game the governor of Arkansas, Bill Clinton.

One of my most treasured recent experiences has been working with good people like Tom Sieg, Tom Domer, Tom Howe, and others in the production of the PBS program, "The Search for Clean Air." Walter Cronkite did a beautiful job as our narrator, and last night I received a Fax from him regretting that he could not be with us tonight (71).





69



70



71



72



73



74



My wife Julia was particularly anxious that I show the scene of a little fawn in the Grandfather Mountain forest (72).

The picture of UNLV basketball coach Jerry Tarkanian, distraught after his defending national champions had been eliminated by Duke in the Final Four in Indianapolis, has been a much-in-demand scene by my Blue Devil friends (73). I was glad to be of service.

My most interesting distant landscape was taken in December a couple of years ago (74). It is the skyline of Charlotte as seen from the Mile High Swinging Bridge on Grandfather Mountain. It has caused quite a stir at Charlotte, 87 miles away. Unfortunately, air pollution limits this sort of view to perhaps two or three days a year.

And what better way is there to wind up a slide show than to have a beautiful buck Whitetail Deer bounding gracefully through the snow on Grandfather Mountain (75)? Thank you all for coming.





# *PART II*



## *Tributes to Hugh Morton*

*Including Proceedings of a Banquet on the Occasion of His  
Acceptance of the North Caroliniana Society Award for 1996  
7 June 1996*



### THE NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY AWARD RECIPIENTS

- |                                    |                                |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1978 Paul Green                    | 1989 Emma Neal Morrison        |
| 1979 Albert Coates                 | 1990 Burke Davis               |
| 1980 Sam J. Ervin, Jr.             | 1991 Lawrence F. London        |
| 1981 Sam Ragan                     | 1992 Frank H. Kenan            |
| 1982 Gertrude Sprague Carraway     | 1993 Charles Kuralt            |
| 1983 John Fries Blair              | 1994 North Carolina Collection |
| 1984 William C. & Ida H. Friday    | 1994 Archie K. Davis           |
| 1985 William S. Powell             | 1994 H. G. Jones               |
| 1986 Mary D.B.T. & James H. Semans | 1995 LeRoy T. Walker           |
| 1987 David Stick                   | 1995 J. Carlyle Sitterson      |
| 1988 William McWhorter Cochrane    | 1996 Hugh MacRae Morton        |

# Opening Remarks and Introductions

H. G. Jones

Friends of Hugh Morton, and those who came to memorialize Mildred the Bear:

When our board members announced last year that they wished to bestow upon Hugh Morton the 1996 North Caroliniana Society Award, *we* did not know that we would set off a frenzy among other organizations to see who could get to him first. And when Hugh persuaded the Governor to proclaim the Year of the Mountains, *he* did not know that this would in fact be the Year of Hugh Morton. He and Julia have been occupied much of the past months attending luncheons and dinners such as this, at which Carolinians have paid tribute to his commitment and contributions to the various causes for which he has dedicated his long career. We'd like to think that this will be the highlight of his year, not that the North Caroliniana Society Award is more prestigious than any others but because we honor him less for a single cause than for the *breadth* of his service—to environmental protection, economic development, historical and cultural preservation, travel promotion, photographic recording, and good citizenship generally.

This audience is filled with faces familiar to you all—governor, lieutenant governor, congressmen, state legislators, and other public officials who would want to make a speech if I recognized each, and enough chancellors to settle all of the issues confronting higher education today. But most of all, the audience is made up of persons dedicated to the causes led by Hugh Morton, and, especially, of people who love North Carolina. In the interest of time, I shall recognize those at the head table, all of whom you already know, and just two persons in the audience. Will each stand and remain standing when his or her name is called, and will the audience withhold applause until all have been introduced: From my far right, Willis Whichard, Fran Rankin, and Charles Kuralt; and from my far left, Leona Whichard, Ed Rankin, our recipient's best friend for more than fifty years, Julia Morton, and William Friday; and in the audience, Hugh and Julia's daughters, Julia Morton Clement and Catherine Morton. And now will you join in welcoming the man whom you all came to see and hear, Hugh Morton. Thank you; you may be seated.



Now please enjoy your dinner and table associates. We will return after dessert.

*[Dinner followed, after which the presiding officer continued:]*

That each of us has only a finite amount of time in which to accomplish our mission on this earth has been soberly impressed upon us in the past month, during which time we have lost two of the holders of the North Caroliniana Society Award. Sam Ragan died in May, and only on Tuesday of this week we lost the incomparable Frank Kenan, who was also an active member of our board. Our thoughts tonight are with Marjorie Ragan and Betty Kenan and their families. But while too many of our recipients have passed on, several are very much with us tonight, and I should like to ask each to stand as I call his or her name and remain standing, and will the audience withhold applause until all have been recognized: Bill Friday (Bill, tell Ida she left Charles without a date), Bill Powell, Mary and Jim Semans [who had to leave after the reception], David Stick, Lawrence London, Charles Kuralt. And we are always glad to have Albert Coates's beloved Gladys, who last month celebrated another birthday. We are not going to tell you which one, but we want every one of you to put on your calendar the date 19 May six years from now, because you will be invited back to celebrate Gladys's centennial. Thank you.

Others send their best wishes. As many of you know, Archie Davis, one of our recipients and our president emeritus (PE-1, as Bill Friday calls him), is in precarious health, and this has been an especially poignant week for him with the loss of Frank Kenan, his close friend of 70 years. Still, in a weakened voice he sends all of us his thoughts and love on this special night to which he added so much during his eleven years as our president. The lives of Archie Davis and Frank Kenan have epitomized the spirit of the North Caroliniana Society, which seeks substance rather than show, performance rather than appearance, public service rather than publicity.

And now we are ready to add a twenty-second name to the sterling silver plate accompanying the North Caroliniana Society Award Cup, which sits before us.

When Ed Rankin conveyed to Hugh Morton our request that he allow us to honor him with the 1996 award, Hugh's reaction was typically modest: "What I have done to merit a place alongside names like Paul Green, Albert Coates, Sam Ervin, Charles Kuralt, and Frank Kenan?" Our response was that he qualified for the award on the basis of his contributions to any number of causes that will be mentioned here tonight, but that if he insisted on our naming just one, we could point to his sixty years of photographically recording North Carolina's people, places, and events. His is the greatest treasury of visual history of the state in the twentieth

century, and his tens of thousands of negatives and slides—a small sample of which you saw this afternoon and thousands more of which have been published in books, magazines, and newspapers—will be used by researchers for generations to come when they are preserved in the North Carolina Collection. The credit "Photo by Hugh Morton" will live on.

The original list of potential speakers for this evening was awesome, and it included many in the audience. But we had to make a choice of two minispeakers and one—if Charles will not take offense—megaspeaker. As is our habit, the proceedings of the evening will be published in our *North Caroliniana Society Imprints* series, and before Christmas a copy will be sent to all of you.

One of the injustices of life is that people do not always get the credit due them. For example, Ed Rankin's name does not appear on the roster of our state's governors. Yet, except in title, he served in that capacity when, only two days after his inauguration, Governor William B. Umstead suffered a heart attack. The young private secretary ran the governor's office, and that experience was crucial when he later performed as administrative assistant to Governor Luther Hodges and as Governor Dan Moore's Director of Administration. Since those heady days in Raleigh, Ed has distinguished himself in the business world and in cultural causes not identical to but closely related to those of Hugh Morton. He is here tonight because his close relationship with Hugh began on this campus and culminated in their joint venture, the monumental book, *Making a Difference in North Carolina*. Hugh's friend, Ed Rankin.

**[Edward L. Rankin, Jr.'s address is printed on pages 31-32]**

I said a few words about Ed Rankin simply because most of you are too young to have memory of the days of Bill Umstead and Luther Hodges, and some may be too young to remember the administration of Dan Moore. But to a North Carolina audience, to give a wordy introduction for our next speaker would be silly. Ladies and gentlemen, the president of the William Rand Kenan, Jr., Fund, the president emeritus of the North Caroliniana Society and of the University of North Carolina, and the president or past president of just about every worthwhile organization in this state, William Friday.

**[William C. Friday's address is printed on pages 33-34]**

It would be even more ridiculous to take your time for an introduction of our main speaker to a North Carolina—indeed, a worldwide—audience. Ladies and gentlemen, North Carolina's goodwill ambassador who never really left us and who seems to enjoy being back with us as much as we enjoy having him return to us, Charles Kuralt.

**[Charles Kuralt's address is printed on pages 35-41]**





## *A Tribute to Hugh Morton*

*Edward L. Rankin, Jr.*

Thank you for the opportunity to participate briefly in this gala event. Hugh Morton and I have been friends for more than forty years, so perhaps I can help in the introduction of this remarkable man.

*Glimpse One:* Imagine, if you will, a 40,000-ton World War II battleship swinging on its anchor chain in the Atlantic Ocean near the mouth of the Cape Fear River. A mothballed vessel without main engine power or crew. The towing company, which was delivering the U.S.S. *North Carolina* to its new Wilmington berth, had screwed up—literally. One of the two ocean-going tugs had backed down on its towing line.

As chairman of the history-making, state-wide campaign to save the historic ship, Hugh made the crucial decision to drop one of the battleship's bow anchors and allow the two tugs to depart. Would the fair weather continue for twelve hours until more tugs arrive? A critical decision for a former U.S. Army sergeant who served in World War II as a combat photographer. The weather held, other tugs arrived, and the ship was safely berthed. This was only one test of Hugh's courage and leadership. He later served as the first chairman of the U.S.S. *North Carolina* Battleship Commission.

*Glimpse Two:* Government planners made a decision to route a link of the Blue Ridge Parkway across and near the top of Grandfather Mountain. The Morton family, early Parkway supporters, provided a lower route across its property. The National Park Service and the North Carolina State Highway Commission insisted on the higher route, which would have required huge, open cuts across one of eastern America's highest and most beautiful mountains. Never timid, Hugh battled federal and state administrators on this location issue for many years.

Today the nationally-acclaimed Linn Cove Viaduct clings to the side of Grandfather Mountain, and leaves undisturbed the mountain's wild and natural beauty. A tribute, of course, to Hugh's never-say-die defense of his beloved mountain and the environment and his ability to attract support from people in all walks of life for doing what he knew was right all the time.

*Glimpse Three:* At UNC-Chapel Hill basketball home games, who is that neatly dressed, older gentleman seated on the floor of Dean Smith

Center? The one who jostles with those grubby young sports photographers for the best shot of colliding bodies and flying sweat? Why, it's Hugh Morton—loyal Tar Heel and ardent admirer and friend of Coach Dean Smith—whose great action photos have recorded North Carolina sports for half a century. A man so loyal to Carolina that I am informed, on highest authority, he always wears sky blue undershorts when his Tar Heel teams are playing.

*Glimpse Four:* After following the Tar Heel basketball team to the Rainbow Classic tournament in Hawaii, Hugh decided to fly in a tandem hang glider from the cliffs of Oahu. There are few such kites—or pilots—in the world. While wife Julia watched with a prayer on her lips, the pilot and Hugh launched their glider from a towering cliff and soared out over the blue Pacific, riding the trade winds for forty-five minutes before landing safely on a beach below. Several months later Hugh's pilot was critically injured when his passenger panicked at takeoff.

These are only a few glimpses of the exceptional man we honor tonight. If they sound familiar, Hugh, it is because this is essentially what I said in introducing you at your induction into the North Carolina Public Relations Hall of fame ceremony in 1990 where you were hailed, among other accomplishments, as the "Father of North Carolina Photo Journalism."

Coastal born and bred, Hugh Morton has also earned the right to be recognized as not only a mountain man but a leader in western North Carolina. The truth is that Hugh's life and work reflect a deep and abiding love of North Carolina—from the mountains to the sea—and its people.

He is fully qualified to receive the North Caroliniana Society Award for extraordinary contributions to and preservation of North Carolina's history, culture, and resources.



## *A Tribute to Hugh Morton*

*William C. Friday*

Before I do anything else, I wish to say to Julia Morton that but for you this whole evening would not be taking place. For that reason, I turn to salute and applaud you as the greatest force in Hugh Morton's life.

To do my part this evening, I want to tell a story. Chancellor Fred Borkowski invited William Link and his family and Ida and me to the Appalachian State University campus for the annual session of the Friends of the Library. The Links have three young daughters, Josie, Maggie, and Courtney. They had never seen Grandfather Mountain. I called Hugh to make arrangements for them to visit, and the following morning we rose to make the journey.

Fog enveloped the peaks of the mountains that morning, and the mist was cold as the wind blew. We were not to be stopped, and off we went. As soon as we reached the top of Grandfather mountain (and we were the only people there at that early morning hour), I turned around and there was Hugh pulling up in his car. He took us all into the splendid Visitors Center he has there, and everyone went first to the statue of Mildred the Bear to rub her claws in a bright, shiny, luster.

Hugh then took the children and us on a tour of his great Nature Museum. They learned of the rocks and minerals of the area, of the beautiful plants that grow there, of the Indians who lived there thousands of years before, and then wonderful pictures of the animals, especially that great photo of the mountain cougar whose eyes follow you all the way around the museum.

Each of us took turn rubbing the stone whose age is estimated at a billion years, and before going outside I had to excuse myself to go back to the campus for a meeting with the chancellor.

After I left, Hugh took the children to see the magnificent eagles that live there, a dozen or so deer of all ages, and the habitat of the large collection of bears that now live on Grandfather Mountain.

That evening at supper, I sat near Josie and Maggie, and I turned to Josie and asked, "Josie, what did you enjoy most today in all that you have

seen and heard?" Josie answered, "Mr. Morton."

Noting my amazement, Josie said, "You really wanta know why?", her animated face showing the glee behind the question. I replied, "Of course." Josie said, "He gave me the biggest French fries they had!"

So it is, ladies and gentlemen, with our great and good friend. Although he can move battleships, rebuild mountains, and save lighthouses, he still has time in his compassionate heart to see that his little friend got the biggest French fries there.

Congratulations, Hugh!





## *A Tribute to Hugh Morton*

*Charles Kuralt*

We may as well start out with the Mile-High Swinging Bridge, and get that behind us.

Hugh Morton invited me to speak several years ago at the 40th anniversary celebration of the Mile-High Swinging Bridge, and before I had finished my speech, I could tell by his expression that he wished he hadn't. This expression was a smile, but a tight and nervous smile, for Hugh is very proud of the Mile-High Swinging Bridge, and does not want to hear any kidding around about it. And I could not help myself.

I told the truth, which is that when I first visited the Mile-High Swinging Bridge soon after it was built atop Grandfather Mountain in 1952, I expected to look down from it into a chasm one-mile deep. But no, the ravine it spans is only 80 feet in depth. The bridge is a mile high only if you measure it from Wrightsville Beach.

What is more, the Swinging Bridge doesn't swing. It *did* swing when it was first constructed, but one of those mountain winds came along the first winter and turned the bridge inside out and upside down and blew some of its planks off and down, down (80 feet down) to the bottom of the ravine, and Hugh thought it prudent to affix guy-wires. For more than forty years, therefore, tourists, many thousands of them, have paid good money at the gate of Grandfather Mountain, driven to the top, walked across this 80-foot-high tethered bridge, and then gone home excitedly to Iowa to tell their neighbors about having crossed the Mile-High Swinging Bridge in the North Carolina mountains.

Our honoree's promotional skills are legendary. I offer that bridge as Exhibit A.

Hugh Morton is North Carolina's greatest promoter—always, however, of things that *ought* to be celebrated: the natural wonder of his mountain, the flaming beauty of Wilmington's azaleas. Or of things that ought to be saved: the Battleship *North Carolina*, the lighthouse at Cape Hatteras. Or of things that ought to be changed: the laws which permitted

disfiguring development on the mountain ridges, the laws which permit acid rain to fall, the constitutional prohibition against our governors from succeeding themselves in office. Our famous promoter never promotes himself.

Just once, he tried. On December 1st, 1971, in the shadow of the Capitol in Raleigh, surrounded, on a chilly day, by shivering pretty girls in shorts wearing "Morton for Governor" hats and carrying "Morton for Governor" signs, with Arthur Smith playing "Guitar Boogie" for the crowd, with Charlie "Choo Choo" Justice on hand to declare, "I have been on Hugh's team all my life," Hugh Morton formally declared his candidacy for governor. All of this was duly reported in the *News and Observer* the next day by Roy Parker, Jr.

What wasn't reported was Hugh's true motive in running—to vitalize and professionalize the Department of Travel and Tourism, to bring more visitors to the state to gaze upon what Hugh Morton truly regards as the glories of North Carolina, glories that should be loved and protected—and above all, publicized!

Well, that day in Raleigh, the Morton campaign had a great beginning; it pretty much went downhill from there. Hugh was late getting into the race. Many of his friends had already declared for Pat Taylor (who is here tonight) or Skipper Bowles. And money was short. Hugh had, of course, one source of ready cash: Grandfather Mountain could always be sold. Would he trade his mountain for the governorship? The question answered itself. Hugh dropped out of the race before the primary in the spring.

But it is great fun to look back on the newspaper clippings of those days. H. G. Jones, as is his habit, doing the speaker's work for him on these occasions, sent me the stories. From the *Greensboro Daily News*: "Morton Wears Wet Label, But Seldom Bends Elbow"—a wonderful story about this near-teetotaler leading the charge for liquor by the drink. "We have liquor by the gallon right now," he said. "The whole country is laughing at us." As a leader for all those years of the North Carolina Travel Council, one thing Hugh Morton could not abide was North Carolina being laughed at. His promotion of the liquor by the drink referendum succeeded. His effort to promote himself into the governor's chair failed.

It is the only conspicuous failure I can think of in a long and accomplished life. He is patient, he is stubborn, and he *refuses* to fail. Last week, I read that as chairman of the "Year of the Mountains" initiative, he had been turned down for a million dollar grant to buy up scenic easements along the Blue Ridge Parkway. I called to commiserate. "Oh, don't worry," he said cheerfully, "We're going to get that money. Don't worry

about that at all!" Pretty soon, I expect to hear about a million dollars being found for scenic easements along the Blue Ridge Parkway.

Our hero (and I use the word advisedly; he *is* a hero of mine) was born in Wilmington February 19, 1921, son of Julian Walker and Agnes MacRae Morton, and grandson of Hugh MacRae, who started buying land in the mountains in 1885, founded Linville, and built the road which was the best way to go from Linville to Blowing Rock until the Park Service completed the amazing Linn Cove Viaduct on the Blue Ridge Parkway after a long struggle with Mr. MacRae's grandson over the Parkway's location. The engineers wanted to carve the road deeply into the slopes of Grandfather Mountain, a proposed action which the mountain's owner, who is not really a wordsmith, found words for. It would be, said Hugh Morton, like "taking a switchblade to the Mona Lisa."

The battle went on for years, for decades. Finally, the bureaucrats, knowing when they were beaten, heaved a great bureaucratic sigh and withdrew the blasting crews and the bulldozers, designing instead a highway engineering marvel which skirts Hugh Morton's mountain, but does not touch a leaf or a bloom or a stone of it. The Mona Lisa is safe.

Young Hugh Morton spent every winter in Wilmington, and every summer in Linville, passing a sweet boyhood in the two prettiest parts of the state, in the lap of a happy and prosperous family. He might have been content to merely play at life while awaiting his real estate inheritance, but for what happened at Camp Yonahnocka. He was 13, and a camp counselor put a camera into his hand. Summers in the mountains became adventures in photography.

He took his new-found skill and his newly acquired Speed Graphic along with him to Chapel Hill, and immediately made himself indispensable to the *Daily Tar Heel*, *Yackety-Yack*, *Carolina Magazine*, and such nearly forgotten publications as the *Buccaneer* and *Tar and Feathers*. And here in Chapel Hill, in 1939, was born the little line of 8-point type enclosed in parentheses with which careful readers of the state's newspapers have been familiar for more than fifty years: "Photo by Hugh Morton." He made photographs, mostly photographs of Tar Heel sports heroes, for the *Charlotte News*, *Charlotte Observer*, *Greensboro Daily News*, *Durham Herald*, and *Winston-Salem Journal*. He made photographs for the Associated Press, and *Time*, and *Esquire*. As an undergraduate he was making fifty dollars a week in a time when not many graduates of the University could claim such splendid compensation. "What distinguished me as a photographer," Hugh Morton once said, "was that I knew how to take my pictures to the mailbox."

But he also made a habit of keeping copies of his pictures for himself. And another thing that distinguishes him as a photographer is that

he knows where to find them. He is inhabited by a no-doubt inherited impulse of Scottish thrift and order, and given a minute or two, he can lay his hands on any of his tens of thousands of slides and prints and negatives going back more than sixty years. He is the despair of all the rest of us who make pictures, who may even have made some *good* pictures, but can't prove it, because we no longer have any idea where they are.

We were treated to 80 of Hugh's photographs this afternoon. In 1989, with Ed Rankin, he published 400 of them in the book, *Making a Difference in North Carolina*, and we have it on the authority of both of them this evening that the photographer and the author wrangled for months over how to edit the pictures down to a mere 400. In reviewing this book at the time, the first thing H. G. Jones did was put it on a scale. The reviewer's verdict: Six and a quarter pounds. "The book of the year," Dr. Jones concluded, "for those with a very sturdy coffee table."

That was a fascinating hour with Hugh this afternoon; however, as he told us, and as you noticed, and against the advice of Julia Morton, Hugh showed us only a very few of his nature pictures. In that, we were short-changed a little. I thought Hugh would have learned by now that he should always follow Julia's advice. His photographs of fall foliage and spring wildflowers, of the fawn in the mist and the stag at the pond, are his enduring masterpieces, the ones that put him in the front rank of our American photographers and that will live on after all of us are gone. Anyway, as Julia knows if Hugh doesn't, deer and dogwoods and daffodils are subjects every bit as appealing as politicians and athletes—even Democratic politicians, even athletes wearing uniforms in Carolina blue. But it was Hugh's slide show, full of Hugh's enthusiasms, and I recognize that on the scale of Hugh's enthusiasms, certain human beings—Luther Hodges, Dean Smith, Ed Rankin, Bill Friday—rank very highly, way up there in fact, just below his own father, and Mildred the Bear.

In 1942, Hugh Morton was the unanimous choice of his fellow students on the *Yackety-Yack* staff to be editor the following year. But the following year, he found himself a long way from Chapel Hill, on the islands of New Caledonia, Bougainville, Guadalcanal, as a combat motion picture photographer in the Signal Corps. Tech Sergeant Morton took seriously the "combat" part of his job description. Once, seeking combat footage, he drove his jeep behind Japanese lines on a mountain road on Luzon; of course, he didn't *know* he was behind Japanese lines until he looked around and noticed that he was all alone up there. He believes he was being watched by a thousand pair of Japanese eyes, and that the only reason he was not shot dead was that the Japanese figured one GI in a jeep must be some kind of trick. He turned around, went down the mountain hurriedly, and came out of that military indiscretion unscathed.



The next time, he wasn't so lucky. He and the infantry company he was filming were ambushed at the mouth of an enemy-occupied cave. An explosion destroyed Sgt. Morton's camera, filled him full of rocks and shrapnel, wrapped him in bandages from head to toe, won him the Purple Heart to go with his Bronze Star, and sent him home from Luzon in the Pacific to Wilmington on the Atlantic. From that experience, he still has some big dents in his body, and that one little scar on his chin, which gives his face character, but which he would just as soon have avoided at the time.

Back home in Wilmington, Hugh's sister, Agnes, who was attending the Woman's College in Greensboro, brought her roommate home with her for the weekend. This bright, pretty, impressionable girl proved to be a sucker for a war hero in bandages. Hugh Morton and Julia Hathaway Taylor were married December 8th, 1945.

What Hugh got was the most charming and engaging woman it has been the privilege of many of us to know. She has everything he hasn't—a personality, for example. Hugh is reserved; Julia is effervescent. Hugh is stubborn; Julia is conciliatory. Hugh suffers sometimes a small knot in the tongue; Julia is eloquent. Hugh sorts of clumps along through life; Julia is the soul of grace. She sees something in him, however. They have four children, each of whom has inherited the best features of the two of them. Of each, I, for one, am exceedingly fond. And some of us were here in Chapel Hill in December when Julia and Hugh celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary, a happy night among old friends—"old," I am afraid, being the operative word for the celebrants. All except Julia.

Hugh's great delight, as we all know, is in bringing crowds of people together. He started early, in his twenties in Wilmington, by creating the first Azalea Festival. Why? "Well," he said, "we had all these azaleas, and nobody to see them but us." Millions have seen them since. The Azalea Festival is approaching its fiftieth year as the greatest single tourist attraction in eastern North Carolina.

It is rivalled by the greatest single tourist attraction in western North Carolina, the annual "Singin' on the Mountain." I do not have to tell you which mountain.

Then there is the annual Grandfather Mountain Highland Games and Gathering of the Scottish Clans, which must be seen to be believed. Powerful men wearing skirts compete in tossing telephone poles about. Who can explain such a thing? It is Scottish.

Hugh Morton successfully brought hang gliders to soar off his mountain, and sports cars to race up it, and golfers to tee up at the top and drive their balls, as golfers like to say, a country mile. Hugh gave the mountain its billionth birthday party, never conceding that he might be off

a few millennia, with mile-high fireworks and a mile-high birthday cake. Of course, people came. Who knew when a billionth birthday party would come again?

But all his famous stage-managing cannot match the importance of his quiet, determined, persistent, and serious efforts to preserve the beauty of North Carolina. You know those banks of wildflowers that are blooming now along our highways? They are beautiful. They came about largely because Hugh Morton photographed the wildflowers inspired by Lady Bird Johnson beside Texas's roads and sent these pictures to North Carolina's First Lady of the time, Dottie Martin. Hugh always has been a photographer who knew the way to the mailbox.

Visible from the slopes of Grandfather, visible, in fact, for many miles in every direction, is a singularly massive and ugly structure atop a neighboring mountain. It is a condominium which intrudes upon the natural beauty of three counties. It has the effect of a shouted profanity in the midst of a Chopin nocturne. The building deserves to be dynamited, and it is so widely and cordially despised that in the fullness of time, some dark night, it *may* be dynamited. In the meantime, thanks to Hugh Morton, it will not, at least, be duplicated. The state's highest peaks are now protected by the Ridge Law, which prohibits such monstrosities. All Hugh had to do was bring the legislators to have a look, and they went back to Raleigh and voted his way—not for him, but for all of us. Hugh's place in the history of North Carolina would be secure if he had done nothing else but secure the passage of the Ridge Law.

But he has done much else. Hugh's mountain is amazing for its biological diversity. One standing atop Grandfather Mountain can look down and see a greater variety of growing things than exists in all of Europe, from the Scandinavian Capes to the shores of the Mediterranean. More than 190 species of plants exist on the mountain's slopes and peaks, including ten that are globally imperiled, including a few that grow almost nowhere else on earth. Hugh guards this diversity fiercely. He is even involved in a major effort to bring back the American chestnut, once the most widespread and most useful of our mountain trees. Hugh's stewardship of the mountain led him to a decision to place most of it under the protection of the Nature Conservancy. That land, thanks to Hugh, will remain forever wild. There will never be a reason for Grandfather Mountain's 147 species of birds to seek another home. The United Nations has honored Hugh's accomplishments by designating Grandfather Mountain an International Biosphere Reserve, the first privately owned one in the world. No other place in the southern Appalachians is so well cared for as Hugh Morton's mountain.

But all is not well in the high country. Acid clouds drifting in from

the industrial midwest have killed thousands of acres of spruce and fir trees at the higher elevations. Hugh Morton has made himself as well-informed on acid rain as anybody in the country. He produced a mighty slide show and took it to any group that would sit still and watch it. He produced an hour for PBS, "The Search for Clean Air," narrated by Walter Cronkite. This is the single most damning document of the clean air struggle. It shows the top of Mt. Mitchell as photographed by Hugh Morton years ago, verdant and lush, and the top of Mt. Mitchell today, devastated and bare. Testimony is offered that the acid content of the soil up there tests out at halfway between that of lemon juice and battery acid. This makes Hugh mad, and it set him to work. If the acid haze of the Blue Ridge ever clears, it will be because Hugh Morton got mad.

Years ago, Hugh received from the hand of Governor Hunt the North Carolina Award, the state's highest honor. Just in recent months he has been awarded the Citation for Distinguished Public Service of the North Carolina Citizens in Business and Industry, and named Citizen of the Carolinas by the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce. When organizations like those, whose members include a few certifiable polluters of the environment, start honoring a man who is our most determined defender of the environment, you know North Carolina is changing.

He is 75 now. He admits that after an hour of crouching with his camera behind the backboards at Tar Heel basketball games in the Dean Dome—and he crouched there at *every* game again last season—his knees do not lift him to his feet as readily as they used to.

But if there are any signs that Hugh Morton is slowing down, his friends have not noticed. His has already been about as useful a life in the service of North Carolina as any ever lived, and he just goes on and on. There are ideas that he hasn't thought of yet. But he will think of them. We will all know it when he does. He will send us photographs.

This is exciting to contemplate. North Carolina will be the beneficiary, as it always is when Hugh swings into action. His placid demeanor will not change; it never changes. But we know him well enough to know that deep inside, Hugh Morton in the grip of a new idea is like that bridge of his—a mile high, and swinging.



## *Presentation of the Award*

*Willis P. Whichard*

Ed Rankin, Bill Friday, and Charles Kuralt: Thank you so much for both enlightening and entertaining us with your well-chosen words of praise for our friend and honoree.

The Society is indebted to John and Ann Sanders for locating and assisting in the acquisition of the historic sterling cup representing the North Caroliniana Society Award. The cup, which sits before you tonight, normally resides in a case especially designed by John and Ann and displayed in the North Carolina Collection Reading Room. The name of each year's recipient is engraved on a sterling plate that sits beside the cup, and we invite you all to visit the North Carolina Collection in Wilson Library and see the handsome ensemble.

We give to the recipient each year a simple sterling goblet to symbolize the award, and I will ask Hugh Morton if he will step forward at this time and accept the award and make such remarks as he wishes. Congratulations, Hugh.





## *Acceptance of the Award*

*Hugh MacRae Morton*

Willis, thank you and the North Caroliniana Society very much. I think all of you have probably decided by now that I don't have three better friends on this earth than Ed Rankin, Bill Friday, and Charles Kuralt.

I don't know how to respond to their comments. There was no way for me to prepare remarks because I did not know what would happen tonight, particularly after what Charles did to me at the 40th anniversary of the swinging bridge when he told everybody that we really were not there to celebrate a mile-high swinging bridge but an 80-foot-high tethered bridge.

I am glad H. G. mentioned some of the many things that Ed Rankin has done. I don't think there is anybody who knows more about state government in North Carolina than he does, having been close to three governors and then executive director of the Broadcasters Association, then vice-president of Cannon Mills in charge of public relations. There is nobody more qualified to write about North Carolina, and I was thankful that he agreed to work with me on the book, *Making a Difference in North Carolina*.

Bill Friday—I do not have to tell any of you—is probably the most respected person in our nation, not just North Carolina, in the field of higher education. To have had him as a friend over the years has meant a whole lot to me.

And as I said this afternoon, I don't believe there is any more loved and trusted television news personality in our country than Charles Kuralt.

To hear them say what they said means so much to me, and I thank them and all of you who had anything to do with selecting me for this particular honor.

By the way, some other awards that have come my way were mentioned. Do you know how these things come about? You stack the committees with your friends. That is what happened in three instances:

In Charlotte, Bill Grigg, who is here tonight, and Johnny Harris were on the committee; in Raleigh, Phil Kirk and John McNairy were on the Citizens for Business and Industry committee; and here in the North Caroliniana Society, Willis and several other friends were on the board. So that's the way it works, and if any of you want an award, stack the committees with your friends!

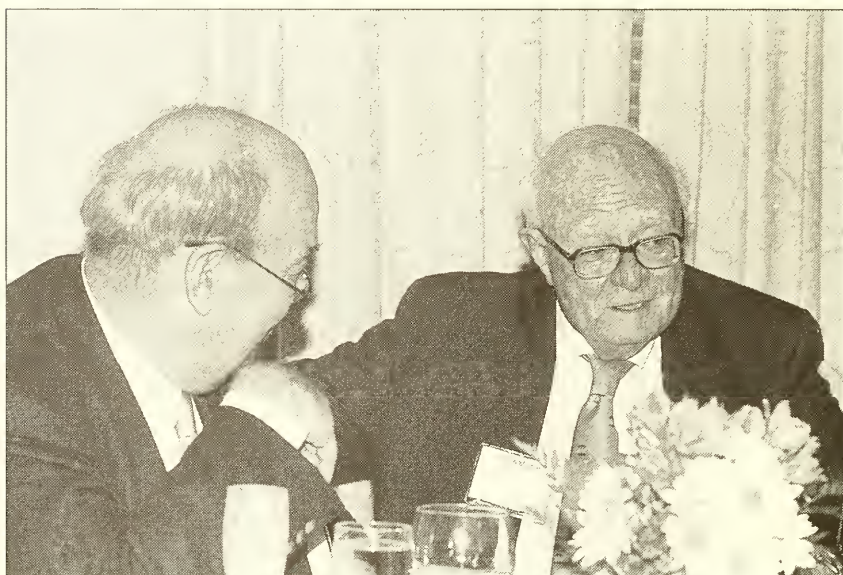
Thank all of you ever so much for this honor and for your presence. Tonight really has been great for me.





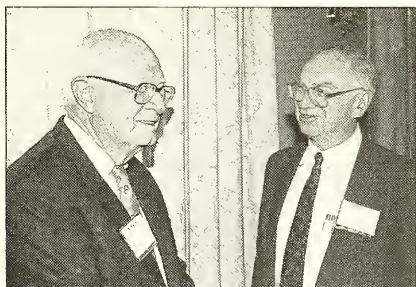
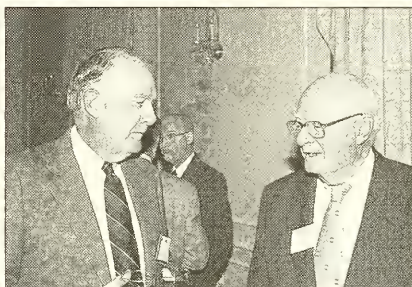
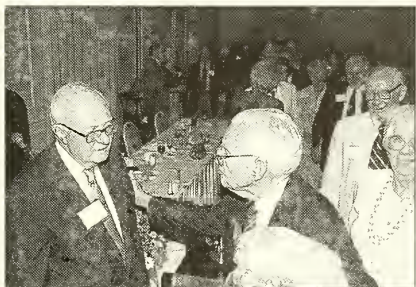
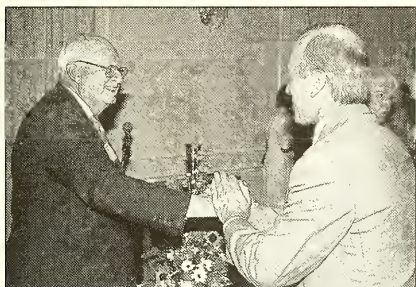
*Edward L. Rankin, Jr., and William C. Friday, long-time friends of the North Caroliniana Society Award recipient, presented their tributes to Hugh Morton. Friday saluted Julia Morton as the greatest single influence upon her husband.*



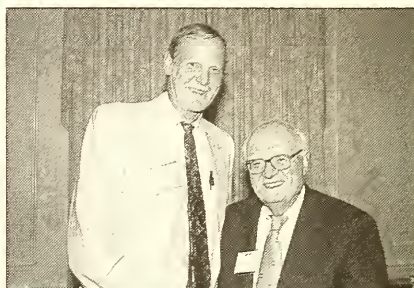


*The main speaker of the evening was Charles Kuralt, who traced Morton's career from the time when, at age 13, he was given his first camera. He concluded, "Hugh Morton in the grip of a new idea is like that bridge of his—a mile high, and swinging."*





*Hugh Morton receives congratulations from friends. Left to right, top to bottom: Paul Hardin, Charlie and Nancy Gaddy, Jim Heavner, John Sanders, Charles Shaffer, Bill Grigg, Clifton Metcalf, and Bill Little.*



More congratulations. Left to right, top to bottom: Judy and Tim Taft, Donald Boulton, Arthur Clark, Franklin Clark, Barbara and Woody Marshall, Gladys Coates, Marie Colton, and Margaret Ann Grigg.





*Michael and Carmen Hooker take turns greeting Julia Morton, then chat with a friend; H. G. Jones welcomes William Cecil; Jim Kofalt, Bill Grigg, and Paul Hardin; Bob Anthony, Eileen McGrath, and Tom Tiemann; Wallace Kuralt and Rhoda Wynn; and Harry and Mary Gatton.*





*Charles Kuralt helps fix Jim Jenkins's camera, then talks with Tom and Linda Howe, Ed Rankin, and Ann and John Sanders; other friends chat—Mary and Jim Semans and Anne Hill; Mary Jane and Douglass Hunt and Bob Anthony; John Sanders and H. G. Jones; and Fran Rankin and Memory Mitchell.*



*The North Caroliniana Society, Inc.*  
North Carolina Collection  
Wilson Library, UNC Campus Box 3930  
Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514-8890

Chartered on 11 September 1975 as a private nonprofit corporation under provisions of Chapter 55A of the *General Statutes of North Carolina*, the North Caroliniana Society is dedicated to the promotion of increased knowledge and appreciation of North Carolina's heritage. This it accomplishes in a variety of ways: encouragement of scholarly research and writing in and teaching of state and local history; publication of documentary materials, including the numbered, limited-edition *North Caroliniana Society Imprints* and *North Caroliniana Society Keepsakes*; sponsorship of professional and lay conferences, seminars, lectures, and exhibitions; commemoration of historic events, including sponsorship of markers and plaques; and, especially, through assistance to the North Carolina Collection and North Carolina Collection Gallery of the University of North Carolina Library and other cultural organizations with kindred objectives.

Incorporated by H. G. Jones, William S. Powell, and Louis M. Connor, Jr., who soon were joined by a distinguished group of North Carolinians, the Society was limited to one hundred members for the first decade. It elects from time to time additional individuals meeting its strict criterion of "adjudged performance" in service to their state's culture—i.e., those who have demonstrated a continuing interest in and support of the historical, literary, and cultural heritage of North Carolina. The Society, a tax-exempt organization under provisions of Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code, expects service rather than dues. For its programs, it depends upon the contributions, bequests, and devises of its members and friends. Its IRS number is 56-1119848. Upon request, contributions to the Society may be counted toward Chancellor's Club membership. The Society administers the Archie K. Davis Fund, given in 1987 by the Research Triangle Foundation in honor of its retiring board chairman and the Society's longtime president.

A highlight of the Society's year is the presentation of the North Caroliniana Society Award to individuals or organizations for long and distinguished service in the encouragement, production, enhancement, promotion, and preservation of North Caroliniana. Starting with Paul Green, the Society has recognized Tar Heels such as Albert Coates, Sam J. Ervin, Jr., Sam Ragan, Gertrude S. Carraway, John Fries Blair, William and Ida Friday, William S. Powell, Mary and James Semans, David Stick, William M. Cochrane, Emma Neal Morrison, Burke Davis, Lawrence F. London, Frank H. Kenan, Charles Kuralt, Archie K. Davis, H. G. Jones, J. Carlyle Sitterson, Leroy T. Walker, Hugh M. Morton, and the North Carolina Collection (on its sesquicentennial).

The Society has its headquarters in the North Carolina Collection, the "Conscience of North Carolina," which seeks to preserve for present and future generations all that has been or is published *by* North Carolinians regardless of subject or language and *about* North Carolina and North Carolinians regardless of author or source. In this mission the Collection's clientele is broader than the University community; indeed, it is the entire citizenry of North Carolina as well as those outside the state whose research extends to North Carolina or North Carolinians. Members of the North Caroliniana Society share a very special relationship to this unique Collection that traces its beginnings back to 1844 and stands unchallenged as the largest and most comprehensive repository in America of published materials relating to a single state. The North Carolina Collection Gallery, opened in 1988, adds exhibition and interpretive dimensions to the Collection's traditional services. These combined resources fulfill the vision of President David L. Swain (1801-1868), who founded the Collection; Librarian Louis Round Wilson (1876-1979), who nurtured it; and Philanthropist John Sprunt Hill (1869-1961), who generously endowed it. All North Carolinians are enriched by this precious legacy. A leaflet on the Collection is available without charge.

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NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY IMPRINTS

*H. G. Jones, General Editor*

*[continued from inside front cover]*

No. 15. *A Half Century in Coastal History* (1987)  
by David Stick

No. 16. *Thomas Wolfe at Eighty-seven* (1988)  
edited by H. G. Jones

No. 17. *A Third of a Century in Senate Cloakrooms* (1988)  
by William McWhorter Cochrane

No. 18. *The Emma Neal Morrison I Know* (1989)  
by Ida Howell Friday

No. 19. *Thomas Wolfe's Composition Books* (1990)  
edited by Alice R. Cotten

No. 20. *My Father, Burke Davis* (1990)  
by Angela Davis-Gardner

No. 21. *A Half Century with Rare Books* (1991)  
by Lawrence F. London

No. 22. *Frank H. Kenan: An Appreciation* (1992)  
edited by Archie K. Davis

No. 23. *Growing Up in North Carolina*, by Charles Kuralt and  
*The Uncommon Laureate*, by Wallace H. Kuralt, Jr. (1993)

No. 24. *Chancellors Extraordinary: J. Carlyle Sitterson and LeRoy T. Walker* (1995)  
by William C. Friday and Willis P. Whichard

No. 25. *Historical Consciousness in the Early Republic* (1995)  
edited by H. G. Jones

No. 26. *Sixty Years with a Camera* (1996)  
by Hugh M. Morton

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